

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, August 5, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Cambridge. August 5th. (1876)? My dear Alec:

Two letters came from you today, one forwarded from Nantucket and dated July 31st, the other written on message blanks of the Canadian Telegraph Co.

Do you know what splendid letters you write. I enjoy them so much and cannot help showing public parts of them, they are altogether too nice to be kept to myself. So this is the letter you were rather ashamed of and written under a headache. I should never have known it anyway and Mamma, to whom I showed that part about bathing with your uncle, wanted to read it to Grandma, she thought it would amuse her, it was so bright. How kind of you to allow me to bathe without Cousin Sam if I wish. It was rather ridiculous when you first released me from my promise, I was just going away the next morning before six. It must have been ridiculous to see your mother's face sticking up out of the water with a huge beard on it. Is it not a coincidence that this morning I read an account of experiments very like the one you spoke to me of in yesterday's letter. It is in the Popular Science Monthly for July, in a lecture one of a course of six by Prof. Lyndale.

“Cadogan Morgan in 1785 sought to produce the electric spark in the interior of solid bodies. He inserted two wires into wood and caused the spark to pass between them. The wood was illuminated with blood red light or with yellow light according as the depth at which the spark was produced was greater or less. The spark of the Leyden jar produced within an ivory bale, an orange, an apple or under the thumb illuminates these bodies throughout. A lemon is especially suited to this experiment, flashing forth at every spark as

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a sphenoid of brilliant golden light. A row of eggs is also brilliantly illuminated throughout at the passage of every spark from a Leyden jar”.

Yesterday Grandma, Grandpa and I drove to Lexington, a distance of ten miles, and are the monuments to the Lexington slain. It is a plain stone affair with an inscription in the old style of “British Tyranny” and “Rights of Mankind” now dying out. The place is a beautiful quiet old town with beautiful grand old elms. You and I must drive Dandy there some day. We were close by it that time we were lost in the hills and you took out your knife to protect me against tramps!

I must write to Cousin Mary now. It is very warm here again and rain is much needed. Grandma continues bright and handsome. Auntie is still in New York. Kate still living though little better. Ber is enjoying herself at Narragansett. She must seem very tall and stately among the little fat Whartons among whom she is surrounded. Mamma is feeling the heat as indeed everyone does.

Uncle James sends the enclosed postal which I had to cut to — but no it is too big and must be sent separately.

Yours ever, Mabel. O dear my Sour Spring water wont clear. You must bring some more when you come back and show us how to do it.